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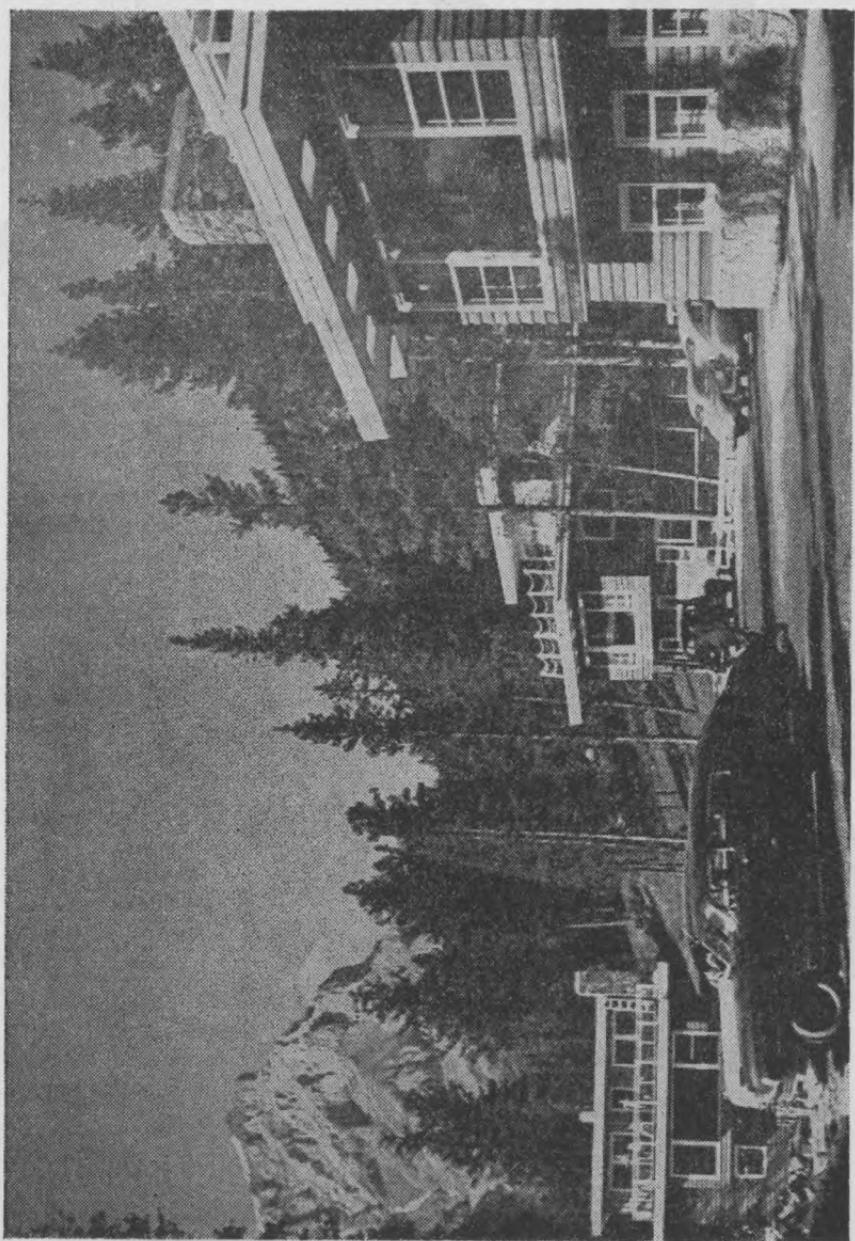
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DEPARTMENTS OF FINE ARTS AND EXTENSION



—Photo by Betty McCowan
Students Live in these Picturesque Chalets at Banff School of Fine Arts

Editorial

Last June MAT made its initial bow to those readers in our midst interested in some form of Fine Arts. Issue Number One was of necessity devoted for the most part to hard facts, calendar requirements and announcements pertaining to various courses and activities at present in operation. This, Issue Number Two, is dedicated to the Banff School of Fine Arts, and in the following pages we hope to give our readers a glimpse of some of the work being done there.

The few stalwarts who met in somewhat primitive conditions in 1933 can hardly have imagined the tremendous growth and nation wide reputation of the school of today. Teachers of repute in the World of Art now assemble to inspire the enthusiast. The lovely chalets, majestically situated, overlooking the town of Banff, provide a setting and comfort not dreamed of before. The vision, drive, and meticulous planning of one man have brought this about. Mr. Donald Cameron is a versatile individual, and he has had a hand in many projects. It would not be a rash prophecy, however to state that the development of the Banff School of Fine Arts will always be his chief claim to fame.

Short accounts of some of the actual courses, their make up and evaluation, are being presented to you, written for the most part by the students who have taken them. Space does not permit detailed accounts of the growing number of extra-curricular courses taking place during the year, finding their natural focus at the Banff School. In July the Canadian Authors' Association enjoyed the hospitality of the chalets; early summer and fall painting courses, photography and handicrafts fill in much of the year. Courses and conventions of a bewildering variety, from Forest Conservation to Municipal Secretaries and Y.M.C.A. groups, gather at the chalets, where the participants work and relax in the beautiful and inspiring surroundings.

The Banff School of Fine Arts was particularly honored this spring when it received the Henry Marshall Tory Award for outstanding service to the Canadian Community in the field of Adult Education. In presenting this, Dr. C. E. Philips paid tribute to the School's notable contribution to the Fine Arts throughout Canada. This summer, too, saw the first presentations of the University of Alberta national awards in Letters, Music and Art.

Thus to the Banff School come the great, the near great, and hosts of students, all seeking alike the unique mixture of hard work, wonderful scenery, co-operative study, and the inspiration of fine minds which make up the School. In these pages we hope to reveal a cross section of its peculiar form of inspiration and the way it operates.

To all who have contributed to the production of this cross section we convey our most sincere thanks.

—The Editor

Dedication

During the course of a useful and distinguished life, the late Lt.-Col. James Hossack Woods, C.M.G., one of Canada's most widely known newspaper publishers, was a devoted patron of the arts; and the gift and dedication of two beautiful chalets at the Banff School of Fine Arts is a most worthy tribute to him. The chalets were made possible by a gift to the University of Alberta by Mrs. Woods, and she officially dedicated the chalets to the memory of her late husband. The Dedication Ceremony was a moving one, for such men as Lt.-Col. Woods are rare in our world.

Born in Quebec City in 1867, Col. Woods was educated at McGill University and the University of Manitoba. An early ambition towards a journalistic career led him to his first appointment as a reporter at the Mail and Empire in Toronto in 1893.

He worked at times on several Eastern newspapers, but in 1907 turned his eyes westward and he came to Calgary as managing director of the Calgary Herald. Col. Woods retired from active newspaper life in 1935, but retained the position of president of the Herald until his death May 20, 1941.

He was one of those responsible for the founding of the Canadian Press of which he became president in 1917. During the period immediately following the First Great War, he travelled extensively, both as a newspaperman sponsoring better knowledge of Imperial affairs and as an ambassador of trade.

In the King's honor list in June 1935, Col. Woods was made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George for "long and faithful service to the community and the state."

In 1922 he was named honorary lieutenant colonel of the 10th battalion, The Calgary Highlanders.

He was elected president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce in 1930, and in 1935 headed the Canadian delegation to the League of Nations in Geneva.



Following the First Great War he was awarded the Order of King Leopold of Belgium for the relief work he had done for the country.

From the time he first arrived in Calgary in 1907, he took an active interest in community affairs, and eventually became honorary president of the Calgary Little Theatre Association; a director of the Calgary Symphony Orchestra; a member of the Dominion Drama Festival Committee, and a lay member of the Alberta Society of Artists.



Holiday at school! How often, in reading the Banff School of Fine Arts' Calendar, have we wondered if it was all but a snare and a delusion, to lure us away from our homes in the Eastern cities of Canada, or from far off lands in Europe!

But for those of us who decided on some serious "Life" classes, with "Figure Composition" on the side, there was a rare privilege awaiting us. Under the expert guidance of one of the Pioneer Painters of Western Canada, Mr. H. G. Glyde, we experienced a most memorable and beneficial summer. For many years, upon his arrival from the Royal College in London, England, Mr. Glyde did nothing but instruct pupils in Figure work composition. But this summer at the B.S.F.A. he combined many landscape field trips and studio lectures into our busy six weeks.

Canmore was a highlight; that amazing little town which, in itself, could easily be location headquarters for weeks. Being a half-deserted mining town, Canmore contained so many "motifs" that several of our class returned over the week-end for more quick color sketches and careful pencil drawings. Armed with these potential masterpieces, we would listen with attentive ears while our patient teacher would suggest changes and, in some cases, complete revisals! Speaking for the whole class of '51, I feel that our most outstanding accomplishments were made in a steady, day by day, evolution. At the end of our six weeks, we felt we had just begun to see the form and rhythms of the human body. How we wished that our classes had been twice as long! But, no doubt, the faithful little Ballet models do not share this sentiment! Two hours really isn't very long! But then again, that is so dependent upon the circumstances!

Many of us were intrigued by Mr. Glyde's manner of outdoor sketching. On all of his own sketches he has adopted a fascinating

technique. He numbers the various degrees of shade which he finds necessary to use in each particular picture. Sometimes those numbers will only be from one to six, but in more intricate subject matter often Mr. Glyde will use 10 or 11 numbers. On returning to the studio for more careful work, those numbers are of immense help to the painter. In our course this year, we all had chances to watch this expert craftsman work in many mediums . . . water color, oils, casein, and a most interesting mixed technique, utilizing oils and caseins. These, alone, will be of benefit to us in the studies which we are now pursuing.

For some of us, whose interest lay more in painting for a hobby, our classes in the early mornings on Tuesday and Thursday may have seemed just less time for studio work! But for those of us who hope someday to become well-known artists, those lectures, not only from Mr. Glyde, but from Mr. J. W. G. MacDonald, were of very great value to us. I shall never forget Mr. MacDonald's lectures on Modern Art, with his frequent references to "automatic painting." Even though it was early in the morning (Mr. Eaton had kept us very late at a Choir practice the previous night!) everyone at the lecture was listening with undivided attention to one of Canada's leading art educators.

It was a summer we will all remember with pleasure . . . our late models! . . . our long tramps around the mines at Canmore . . . the pencils, which Mr. Glyde never seemed to have in his pocket! . . . and a most wonderful dinner with Mr. Wm. Townsend and his class . . .

Even if the opportunity never arises again, we will all take something away to our own various homes with us . . . some of that never-ending enthusiasm and energy which Mr. Glyde gave to us.

—Ann Graburn

THE EMMA READ NEWTON COLLECTION

We would like to register an apology for the mis-spelling of Mrs. Newton's middle name in the above-mentioned article which was included in our first publication.

The Moth

The moth's inconsequential, light,
And somewhat vague as to her flight,
But though unsure of her direction,
'Twould seem some innate introspection
Leads her quite firmly by the nose
To wheresoe'er we keep our clothes.

—Dora Villy

Banff and Water Colors

In early spring a yellow and blue calendar of the Banff School of Fine Arts was mailed to all parts of our continent, and in answer to its call about twenty persons faced Mr. W. J. Phillips, one of the six art instructors, on the morning of opening day.

We came from Victoria and Vancouver, from Canada's prairies, from Toronto, from Montreal, and two of us came from the state of Michigan. We were an interesting and widely diversified group of people, each with paint brush in hand and eagerness in heart. Whether we were in possession of skill and developed talent or attempting to catch the magnificent scenery of Banff in water colors for the first time mattered not to Mr. Phillips, for we were keen and anxious to learn.

The group ranged from three boy students of high school age to older members bearing the title of grandparents. It included a young lady in charge of the Physio-Therapy Department of a Tuberculosis Hospital in Manitoba, a Secretary-Treasurer of the Manitoba Girl Guide Association, a young draughtsman in commercial art in the Michigan Bell Telephone Company, a window display artist from Victoria, a retired gentleman whose firm had been located in Japan, teachers of Art, and several housewives who have turned to Art as serious hobbies when their families have married and moved away. All looked to Mr. Phillips for inspiration and guidance for the next five weeks.

We assembled at nine o'clock on the first day. By nine-thirty we were seated on the banks of the Bow River, paints in hand and a blank piece of paper before our inexperienced eyes. We dipped into our colors, and as skies, mountains, trees and rivers gradually appeared on the paper, our kindly instructor moved from one to the other of us, directing efforts and correcting mistakes. By the end of the afternoon, each had a painting. Whether good or bad, did not matter. We were at last satisfying the urge that had led our steps to Banff and Mr. Phillips. From then on, each day was a delight. New scenes, new sights were each day's experience. Majestic mountains: Rundle, Cascade, Edith, Norquay, the Three Sisters at Canmore, the Valley of the Ten Peaks, all these lay on our papers in sunshine and shadows! Lakes, glowing with vivid colors lay before us! Rushing rivers and foaming waterfalls tumbled from our brushes' end, and Indians, in their fine array, lived again in umbers and siennas!

But we reached the end of the Session! Our best efforts were matted and put up for exhibition. There they hung, evidence of our sincerest efforts guided by our friend and instructor, Mr. Phillips, who, himself, is nationally known as one of Canada's leading water color painters.

In each one of us lies the resolve that we must come again in future years.

—Sylvia Mould

An Introduction to Landscape Painting

The canny Scot who greets this group is Instructor in Painting at the Ontario College of Art, Toronto. J. W. G. MacDonald's paintings have been widely exhibited both on this continent and in Europe.

Art is a spiritual search. Being creative, it is the expression of man's consciousness. Environment, together with consciousness, is necessary for the development of art, regardless of the type. Here, at the Banff School of Fine Arts, the most appropriate surroundings are available for landscape painting. Real understanding requires concentration of eye, feelings, and intelligence, and this can be obtained by six weeks here in Banff under Mr. J. W. G. MacDonald.

Through the sense contact is made with the external world which exists apart and independently of the mind. According to the Scholastics' formula, "Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu," there is nothing in the intellect which was not first in the senses. Our eyes, ears, and hands carry messages to the mind. We see a tree. Our eyes bring this image to the mind, and it becomes intermingled with many other impressions.

When on location at Vermilion Lakes, Canmore, Moraine, and other spots, we store in our minds many impressions and associations. New ideas are daily being added to our previous knowledge. Under the guidance of Mr. J. W. G. MacDonald, shape, color, and space take on new meanings. The difference between the influence of bright and dull colors on the final effect becomes of greater importance than ever before, as we realize that each shade and color brings a different response.

Actually we are all potential artists. Through our contact with nature we gradually see marked forms in the trees and mountains; forms infused with life and meaning. By observing, we slowly realize the necessity of unity and harmony, all parts being related one to the other.

Nature is brought out in all its glory. Trees take on a new life.

Although you realize the roughness of the trunk of the tree and all its branches, such details become of less importance. The dominating lines show the strength of the tree or the power of the mountains as it defies the sky, and yet holds on to the earth.

Being an Easterner, my concept of the Rocky Mountains has certainly changed now that I have seen them. This can only be the result of seeing them in reality and having them about me from dawn to dusk. A guide cannot climb a mountain for one, but he can lead one over the best and easiest trails. Our instructor here at the School becomes a guide in showing one how to sift the less important and

retain the prominent and characteristic features of an object before one.

Our group, consisting of students, business people and professional men, absorbs a wealth of knowledge that cannot be duplicated anywhere.

The results can be seen in the progress of the work and in the fact that each one has put a little of his own individuality into his pictures.

—Anne Cardegnna

Mountains Verboten

William Townsend, who teaches at the Slade School, University College, associated with the Euston Road Group, on the outskirts of London, was the visiting British Artist at the Banff School in 1951.

Mountain vistas surrounded them; but Mr. Townsend's students were encouraged to turn their backs on panorama and to concentrate on the smaller details of the Banff scene. (Gertrude Stein has said somewhere that she likes to have a view so that she might turn her back upon it). Into the students' notebooks went diagram-like sketches of trees and stones, fences and small cottages, with the mountain peaks pushed discreetly into the background—if present at all. Accurate little color notations were appended to the diagrams.

And then the students were incarcerated in the studio. Out came the notebooks, and paintings began to evolve from the sketches. At times the students found inaccuracies in their notations; and on the next sketching expedition greater care was taken, and the eye-catching peculiarities of the individual scenes were more exactly set down.

Before long the students began to know what information was needed in a sketch in order to have useful material for their own work in the studio. And soon the class, as a class, began to disintegrate!—but individual artists began to emerge. To each his own! Mr. Townsend prevented the individual from falling into meaningless or chaotic personal abysses. Meanwhile, the individual styles (based always on painstaking observation and notes) continued to develop.

On later expeditions into the field, the students ranged about freely, with no restraining hand from the instructor, who was busy making his own notes, anyway. Next day, in the studio, the results of the sketching jaunt were assessed. Then we went to work translating the sketch into oil or water color.

The walls of the studio began to be covered with many different types of paintings. There was little in common between one student's work and another's—except that each painting was based on carefully observed note taking. There were many media used, many

styles, many subjects—even, **finally**, a few mountain vistas. And at the end of the session each student left Banff with a notebook containing material for future paintings. Also each student had completed several pieces of painting. Time well spent, yet much for future times!

—John S. Barnes

Well Done!

Murray MacDonald, Supervisor of Art for the Edmonton Schools, was the Instructor in Landscaping Composition.

The time was nine o'clock on the Thursday morning of July 12. The place was the classroom of Painting IV in the Studio Building of the Banff School of Fine Arts. The occasion was the opening session of the Art course.

The group of students sitting before Mr. Murray MacDonald on that first morning was a varied one. It counted among its members a minister, his wife, a doctor and his wife, business men and women, school teachers, university students, and pupils from elementary grades, who came from scattered parts of the Dominion and of the United States. Each member of the group seemed to be at his own peculiar stage of development in painting, except for the beginners, who were at no stage at all. To the newcomer the problem of directing the work of the students under such circumstances seemed a formidable one; but Mr. MacDonald soon proved his ability to make a concerted whole of such variations.

On that first day, after the roll was called and a few preliminary remarks made, the students adjourned to the school grounds to make their first sketch from the subject material surrounding the school. With some trepidation on the part of the beginners, the resulting sketches were exhibited (anonymously) in the classroom for criticism by the teacher and students.

The following days showed a marked development in the feeling of confidence of all the students, who freely left their work around the studio and who learned from experience that the criticism offered was always fair, constructive, and of benefit to all. The novices, especially, profited a great deal from the work of the more advanced students.

Banff weather favored the artists with beautiful, warm, sunny days, and the hours spent on locations at Fox Street, the Hoodoos, Bow Falls, the Boat House and the Indian Grounds were pleasant and interesting in their diversity of subject matter. The trips to Canmore, Sundance Canyon, Moraine Lake, and Sunshine Ski Lodge were the highlights of the weeks. To sit, as artists do, for three or four hours before a scene such as that at Moraine Lake, or at Sundance Canyon, to watch the play of light and shade that creates an everlasting but

everchanging panorama is sheer enjoyment. But to try to capture the scene at one particular moment and reproduce it on canvas is, at times, almost pure frustration.

The enjoyment of the trips was carried over to the following day when the work done on location was exhibited before the students. As the weeks wore on, the results became more and more exciting because the individuality of each artist began to find expression in his or her work. The ability to express feeling, to recreate an atmosphere became apparent in some of the pieces, and a flair for design or pattern revealed itself in others.

The attitude of the students of the class as a whole was one of serious effort to accomplish thoroughly the task at hand. On location, where the group may have scattered far and wide, or in the studio the atmosphere never varied. It was always pleasant, with each worker intent on his own attempt, but never too busy to offer a word of praise, help, encouragement, or criticism to a fellow student, or even to pass the time of day with an interested spectator.

Mr. MacDonald expressed his delight at the work accomplished during the passing weeks, and the students of his class echoed this satisfaction as they realized that it was due to his excellence as an artist and a teacher that their efforts were so fruitful.

—Mary Murphy, Mildred Erickson

"Third Floor Please!"

If you had ever visited one of the rooms on the third floor of the Public School, you would have found a hive of industry, for there Mr. Jan Zach, noted artist from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and formerly of Czechoslovakia, and his class had their studio. Let me take you there!

Over in the corner we find two ladies from Victoria. They are Mrs. George Cameron, a school teacher, and Miss Lillian (Willie) Emerson, a draughtsman. From B.C. is Duncan deKergommeaux, also a school teacher. From Edmonton, Alberta, we have one more teacher, Miss Isabel Kuntz. And representing Winnipeg, Manitoba, we find Douglas Morton. Yes, yet another teacher! But they aren't all school teachers! From the Ontario College of Art, Toronto, we have three young artists. They are the Misses Ann Kennedy, Jane Dalglish, Elizabeth Anderson.

Although we now find these young men and women very busy working in the studio, they do not spend all their time there. Two days a week are devoted to visiting points of interest around Banff, such as Massive, Moraine Lake, and Canmore. While at these various places, each student paints what he or she wishes. These paintings are later finished in the studio and then resolved into murals or transferred to a larger canvas, as the student desires.



DONALD CAMERON
Director, Banff School of Fine Arts

large murals of ballet dancers were done by Ann and Elizabeth. The painting of the woodland scene means much more than a painting to Isabel. It means the result of long hours of study.

Mr. Zach has introduced his students to the use of all types of materials, and during the Summer Session the members of the class have done work in oils, water colors, casein, charcoal, and pastels. The group also studied etching, as well as the preparation of frescos and stained glass windows.

But I don't think I need to say much more about Mr. Zach or his class. You have seen their work, and that speaks for them.

It was at Canmore that Duncan and Willie found the material for their very picturesque street scenes. Mrs. Cameron got her inspiration for her large mural while painting at Massive. Each student has a painting or a mural of scenes from the different places that he or she has visited.

At the back of the room a large replica of a stained glass window catches your eye. You will be amazed indeed at this wonderful piece of work that has meant hours of real work for Douglas. The figures in the window were sketched during the life classes, and the models for these classes were loaned by the Ballet group.

That portrait of an Indian is part of Jane's contribution. For a few days an Indian Chief, in native costume posed for the class. Those

THEATRE

DRAMA

NEWS



Theatre Review

The Dramatists have been coming to Banff since the Banff School of Fine Arts came into being. This year's report indicates the progress and vitality of the group.

In July, fifty-six people from Canada and the United States enrolled in the Banff School of Fine Arts summer course in Theatre. A boy from a ranch in southern Alberta, a teacher from a one-room school in Saskatchewan, a Home Economist from Montreal, a high school student from Victoria, a student majoring in Drama at an American university, members of community theatres, all were of varying ages, backgrounds, and experience. Some were scholarship winners, some hoped to make theatre their career, many were interested in gaining experience that would help them make a greater contribution to their drama group back home, a few were interested in taking the course for their personal development. All were united for five and a half weeks by a common bond—an interest in theatre.

To the sincere student the Banff School offers a wealth of opportunity. Classes in Acting, Rhythemics, Speech, Directing, Stagecraft are intensive and practical; they may be taken for credits leading to the Banff Certificate and University degrees. In addition, he may observe the activities of classes in the related fields of Playwriting and Ballet, plus the work of students in Art, Music, French, and Handicrafts, thus adding to the richness of his experience for the summer.

This year the instructors in the Theatre section included: Mr. and Mrs. Burton W. James, of the Seattle Repertory Playhouse, who taught Acting and Directing; Mr. Vern Adix, of the University of Utah: Stagecraft; Mrs. Leona Patterson, of Mount Royal College, Calgary: Speech; Miss Gweneth Lloyd, of the Winnipeg Ballet Company: Ballet and Rhythemics; Mr. Joseph Schull, C.B.C. writer: Playwriting; Miss Esther Nelson, University of Alberta: Acting and Directing.

Every year during Festival Week the Theatre section presents two productions, one of Canadian one-act plays, the other of a full-length play. Each is given two public performances.

The new Canadian plays presented this summer were: "The End is Not Yet," by Norma Cartwright, Regina; "Forever Till Friday," by Kenneth A. Robertson, Edmonton; "Train Town," by Mrs. G. W. Moss, Birch Island, B.C. Forty-seven students participated in the three plays as actors, technicians and directors.

Experimental productions of new plays is a most important aid to the new playwright. He needs an opportunity to see his plays performed in order to discover his mistakes and correct them. Equally important, to both actor and playwright, is a sound critique of the calibre of Mr. Earl G. Jensen's review of the three plays which appeared in the "Banff School Banner" following the production:

"Thespians Triumph Over Canadian One Acts"

An appreciative first-night audience applauded the earnest efforts of the drama department to fashion an evening's entertainment from a group of plays that had little but their brevity to recommend them. Mr. Vern Adix is to be congratulated for his fine job of set designing, while Miss Nelson must be thanked for the able direction that circumvented some of the more serious blemishes inherent in the plays.

"The End is Not Yet," a comedy by Norma Cartwright, had its humorous moments. The role of Jed Davies, interpreted by Bill Krem, was played to the hilt. Gerald Guest turned in a fine performance as Tom MacMillan. The parts of the loafers were well played, affording a touch of comedy in a play that was choppily constructed and unnecessarily divided into five scenes. Happily, clever staging surmounted this particular difficulty to some extent. Stan Chapman made a believable minister until the author scuttled that character to provide a "satisfactory" ending. The crowd scenes were generally well blocked, though at times the stage was cluttered, even confused, by the number of non-functional characters milling about. The comedy's major fault lay in its improbable resolution, a resolution that was unjustified by the expository frame-work of the comedy. Because of this, Norma Cartwright's intended satirical bolts fell short of the mark. Had "The End is Not Yet" been written with an eye to the desirable economy of means, the comic and satiric possibilities of the play might have been more fully realized.

"Forever Till Friday," by Kenneth Robertson, boasted a fine set. Of the three plays, this was undoubtedly the most ambitious effort. As a static play it was tragic in tone if not in quality. The sad happenings of the common man, much less of the village idiot, do not arouse the pity and fear of the audience. The author, of course, hardly conceived this play in the light of Aristotelian dramatic precepts. "Forever Till Friday" lacks the logical, yet emotionally tragic inevitability of competent serious dramas. The play did not gain by its ragged construction, nor by the error of over-simplification of the dramatic argument. The Woman's virtual soliloquy to Joey was out of character, too philosophical to carry dramatically the play's theme. This use of a general dramatic argument tended to an ambiguity of the internal conflict. Despite its weakness, "Forever Till Friday" showed good dramatic possibilities, and a revision might make it a good play. Certainly, a re-writing must include a complete revision of the irrelevant and anti-climatic scene that follows the shooting of Joey.

The part of Joey was well-conceived by William Palmer. His excess of passion in the altercation scene, however, momentarily con-

fused the audience's interpretation of the events following, as sympathy lay for a time with Caroline, even as that character was broadly interpreted by Dolores Evans. Shirley Wenschlag provided an adequate antagonist for Mrs. Hattie Chester, the Woman in "Forever Till Friday." While physically suited to the role, Mrs. Chester's interpretation suffered from inadequate voice-projection and an unimpassioned performance that made her definitive action at the crisis incongruous.

"Train Town" by Mrs. G. W. Moss gave the actors an opportunity to exploit the comic possibilities of the characters. In view of the weakness of the plot the hamming was justifiable—as conceived in the plot the characters were never able to rise above the elementary level of discovery, the level deemed "least artistic" by Aristotle. Mrs. Parrot, played by Roberta Kinnon, was well acted, as was her hen-pecked husband by Alex Ewashen. Mr. Bagg, played by Stan Chapman, brought the most laughs. The comic success of this character who had no organic function in the play is a sad commentary on the playwright's paucity of invention. Faith Ribach as the teacher Linda Shelton was satisfactory until the play's crisis, when her interpretation seemed marred by an uneven emotional conception of the character.

Compliments are in order for the directing staff and for the drama group as a whole, for producing such a colorful and polished performance. A reviewer cannot help but recognize the many difficulties encountered by the players—least of which was the brevity of rehearsal time.

The full length play was "Comedy of Errors," Shakespeare's lusty farce, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. James. The comic situations, involving two pairs of identical twins, set in the locale and costume of Asia Minor, proved gay and colorful entertainment. Attractive settings were designed and executed by the class in Stagecraft under Mr. Adix. A Ballet divertissement, "Shakespearian Interlude," with choreography by Miss Lloyd, and the string orchestra under the direction of Mr. Clayton Hare, Calgary, added to the delight of the audience.

On the final evening of Festival Week, announcement of scholarship winners was made. Three students in the Theatre section were awarded scholarships on the basis of their summer's work: Diana Vandervlis, Winnipeg; Alex Wright, Nipawin; Edward Fowler, Ganges, B.C.

The students were unanimous in their enthusiasm for their summer and for the stimulus they received from working with students from so many regions. It is to be expected that they will carry this spirit back to their communities and provide an impetus to theatre activity during the coming season. It is interesting to note that over 1,000 people have passed through the Banff School of Fine Arts Theatre course during the past nineteen years and that at least 1,000 communities in Canada have indirectly benefitted from the opportunities provided by the Banff School.

—E.N.

Setting for Drama

Under the able direction of Mr. Vern Adix, Technical Director of the University of Utah Theatre, the Stagecraft section of the Dramatic Division of the Banff School of Fine Arts built sets for three one-act plays and for a three-act Shakespearian production, "The Comedy of Errors."

The three one-act plays, "Forever Till Friday," "Train Town," and "The End is Not Yet," required complete sets, quite dissimilar. "Forever Till Friday" required a rural home interior; "Train Town" the interior of a country store and post office; while "The End is Not Yet" required a street scene in a small town.

The "Train Town" interior required the most work. The flats were constructed of factory cotton over a one-by-three framework. The factory cotton was then painted to suggest well-worn boards. Shelves, containing the various articles common in a small town store, were also painted, and they appeared most realistic. The post-office enclosure was also constructed of flats enclosing a small area, with a latticed wicket constructed of narrow slats painted black.

For the street scene in "The End is Not Yet" flats suggesting the gabled roofs of buildings were made. Doors, constructed like the other flats, had signs painted on the upper panels to indicate various places of business. The action of the play took place along the sidewalk and the road in front of these or in and out of the doors.

The "Comedy of Errors" required a street scene about a public square in Ephesus. Two houses, a wall, and the entrance to a dungeon were a part of the setting that enclosed the stage, and all were constructed in the same way and painted to achieve a most artistic and convincing result.

In addition to this work, the Stagecraft section handled properties, sound effects, and lights for the productions. They managed the stage and shifted all scenery, adjusting curtains and flies. Selected crews also arranged the stage and provided the lighting for the numerous concerts and programs which are a part of the Summer Session of the Banff School of Fine Arts.

These activities provided the students with practical experience invaluable in their own production situations.

—Mrs. Hattie I. Chester

Opera in the Mountains

One of the most ambitious and successful ventures of the Banff School of Fine Arts this year was the production of "Dido and Aeneas." It was a venture which called upon the skill and talent of several instructors—to say nothing of the enthusiasm and abilities of the students.

The work "Dido and Aeneas" is not well-known, and it was felt necessary to give the story in the form of a commentary. Mrs. Patterson must receive special praise for this.

The singers were drawn from the classes of Doctor Vinci, an able and enthusiastic teacher. Doctor Vinci holds a degree in medicine, but music is his "truly fair," and since 1928 he has made a name for himself in musical circles in Europe and North America.

Mr. Hare and the orchestra deserve especial credit. They excelled themselves in the introduction to Scene Two, and throughout interpreted the tone of the whole work in an admirable manner.

The music of Purcell lends itself to ballet, and Gweneth Lloyd proved this in her original choreography. The work of Gweneth Lloyd in ballet is known throughout North America, and her dance sequence, based on Greek dance movements, was a joy to the eye.

In a production of this nature there were bound to be some flaws. But show me the production where there are none! Let us agree that "Dido and Aeneas" was well done and well received. Congratulations to you all!

The Toad

The toad is corpulent, but girth
In his case is redeemed by worth,
For those who ought to know have said
He carries a jewel in his head.

With Buddha-like complacency
He views the world, benign and squat,
Aware that with his great wealth, he
Could if he chose buy up the lot.

—Dora Villy

Ballet at Banff

Canadians are beginning to show a great interest in ballet. In Europe, this highly stylized form of dance has long been part of the daily experience of the people, but to many Canadians ballet is still an exhibition of many graceful, but otherwise meaningless, leaps and gestures. Recently, however, Canadians who have seen the Sadler's Wells Company during its recent tour and who have enjoyed movies on ballet have become increasingly aware of the desirability of fostering the development of this specialized art among their own people.

The Banff School of Fine Arts, whose prime purpose is to further the cultural growth of a country emerging from the physical pre-occupations of pioneer days, has sensed the new trend of interest and has offered its first course in ballet in 1947 under the direction of Joan Sterling, of the Winnipeg Ballet. From a small beginning the enrollment in ballet has increased considerably in both the adult and children's groups. The senior class has been divided into elementary and advanced sections, and the latter group includes several members of the Winnipeg Ballet. Teachers, dancers, and interested beginners, from Victoria and Brantford, Calgary and Winnipeg, Trail and Edmonton, have been drawn to this fascinating mountain resort by a desire to receive specialized training under the masterly direction of a pioneer in the development of Canadian Ballet, Miss Gweneth Lloyd.

Thirteen years ago Miss Lloyd and a partner arrived in Canada from England prepared to fill the need and desire of Canadians for expert training in ballet. Founder of the famed Winnipeg Ballet, Miss Lloyd also directs the Canadian School of Ballet, originating in Winnipeg, with branches in Toronto, Nepawa, Dauphin and Brandon. As an examiner for the Royal Academy of Dancing, she travels across the continent. This is the third summer that the Banff School has been privileged to have her on its outstanding teaching staff.

This summer the Ballet Group has taken part in several performances. A senior group performed for the National Film Board, which was filming various school groups as part of a short feature which will appear in Canadian theatres this fall. A Greek dance by six of the girls added to the opera "Dido and Aeneas," presented by pupils of Dr. Vinci's singing class. Roger Fisher and Marilyn Young danced the "Pas de Deux" from "Swan Lake" during a violin recital given by students of Mr. Hare's class. The final presentation "Elizabethan Interlude," appeared in the major play production, "Comedy of Errors."

The success of the Ballet Class at Banff this summer must be a source of pride and satisfaction to the Banff School of Fine Arts, and it is certainly an indication of the positive interest in ballet shown by Canadians.

—Ann Pasechnick

One World

In the modern world, in which regionalism and nationalism are breaking down, the study of spoken French is indeed an asset, if not a necessity. English-speaking Canadians still have a long way ahead of them if they are to play a fuller part in their country's bilingual and bicultural heritage.

Gathered together this year in Holiday House, the delightful mansion of a former millionaire on the south bank of the River Bow, is a varied group of students from Canada and its friend to the south. At this "Maison Française" the key-note is informality. Classes are held in the sumptuous salon, or the library, even on the spacious lawn, weather and professors permitting.

High School teachers and their students, professors and amateurs, all have one goal in mind: to speak **French**, not by numbers, but in the friendly atmosphere in which any conversation must take place. Mornings see the students in two groups: elementary and intermediate (advanced students get special attention) under Prof. Richard W. Jeanes, a Canadian specialist in French, and Monsieur Pierre Gobin, his French counterpart from Paris, France. The instructors put the emphasis on methods which will enable the students to improve their oral French during their stay and, more important still, after they have left the favourable milieu of the Banff School.

Classes in pronunciation help the students to manoeuvre their flabby facial muscles into the proper French contortions. "You can't speak French if you are afraid of making faces," intones the professor in fluent French, at the same time unconsciously giving a course in how to gesticulate à la française. While students with a knowledge of grammar are given courses in dictation and reading aloud, designed to help them bridge the gap between the visual and the oral approach, beginners are receiving instruction by the direct method, which aims at impressing basic French speech patterns through gradual exercises and the discussion of carefully selected pictures.

Afternoons are spent applying the lessons of the morning: conversation groups under the assistants, Miss Florence Long of Calgary and Mademoiselle Fabienne Tousignant from Quebec City; singing the folk songs of France and French Canada; touring these far-off and picturesque regions by means of films and pictures; or even a trip to the nearby pool with the professors. But swimming only in French, bien entendu!

Then the students go to enjoy the attractions of the town and its surroundings, mindful only that they must confess in French the following day where they have been and what they have done. In the evening, the French students may invite their friends to the "soirées françaises" at which they entertain their guests, under the

genial leadership of M. and Mme. Baril of Edmonton, with French songs, dances, films, skits—anything, mais parlez français et amusez-vous!

Thus in 1951, as they will in the years to come, do the students of the Oral French Section work and play in French in a congenial French atmosphere removed from the "English-speakers"; thence homeward bound to spread their message of culture, gaieté, and friendship in their second native tongue.

—Eleanor Hern,
Déléguée des Elèves

Writing for Radio

Jerome Lawrence, associate of Norman Corwin and of Lawrence and Lee, Incorporated, is a stimulating instructor. His "Tell a story; make it sound like it's happening now; live with your dialogue; get a spring board of 'What would happen if?'; and turn the sock inside out" are some of his many apt maxims which are fundamental not only to radio, but other forms of art as well. These long-lived-by rules come from dynamic Jerome Lawrence out of his apprenticeship in small stations as well as the continent's top radio shows—Columbia Workshop, Screen Guild Theatre, The Railroad Hour, The Orson Welles Show, Halls of Ivy, Free World Theatre, Scenarios for Paramount Pictures, Decca Dramatic Albums are just some of the wealth of material from which his examples flow to illustrate what radio is.

This is more than a radio class. It is entertainment itself to work with him in this thorough investigation into what makes radio tick. Young and old students from many stations and from other fields of writing as well, are amazed at how much is covered in this short course—the preparation of scripts, principles and technique of radio writing and production, how to use music and sound effects, using the medium most effectively, and writing for radio.

Mr. Lawrence is the author of "Off Mike" a text on radio writing used by many colleges, and he is the co-author of the Broadway hit, "Look, Ma, I'm Dancing!"

Lawrence is radio itself. He is one of those nice, warm, friendly persons he so often speaks of in radio. Full of the business of the craft, he has also the gift of inspiring others to do what they want to do.

—Eva M. Crummy

The Cow

The cow is comfortable and kind.
Of a very obliging turn of mind,
For she lies outside all day in the rain,
And eats the same dinner again and again.

—Dora Villy

Words Do Well

"Yet words do well

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear."

So said Shakespeare's Phebe in "As You Like It," and so say we all—all of us who were in Speech II Class. Our reasons for seeking after speech improvement may have been as many and varied as the localities from which we travelled to Banff this summer of 1951, but our common purpose proved a dominant factor in the enjoyment of our daily speech class. If the individual performances in the class reflected nervousness—and they DID!—it was certainly not the result of any destructive or unkindly criticism, expressed or implied. "We are," we kept telling ourselves, "among friends. Therefore shall we not be afraid." So, we faced the class and our knees shook, our voices broke, our breath came "in short pants." Call it the closeness of a small audience, self-consciousness when one becomes the focal point of attention, call it what you like. Name it, and you can have it! But as time went on, it was evident that there was more naturalness and less strain in the speech readings. Tape recordings are wonderful as a means of analysis and self-criticism! "O wind, a-blowing all day long." Vowels that are rich and round!

The mechanism of the human voice organs is so intricate that no musical instrument can equal voice in the possibilities for variations in tone quality. Therefore it is possible for the voice to express and reflect not only attitudes and thoughts of the speaker, but basic personality and traits of character as well.

However, to get back to Speech (Hurry, it's two minutes to nine!), time was when speech was much less important than it is today. Oh, to be sure, there have been statesmen as long as there have been states; law-makers, too! But how many statesmen, how many law-makers per thousand of population? Therein lies the difference! Cut off a slice of a thousand ordinary, everyday, civilized adults in this atomic age and consider carefully whether or not speech (effective speech) is important to only a scattered few or to the vast majority. Begin with the statesmen—"When orators touch strong men's hearts with glory till they weep"—and go down the list. Of how many can you say, with impunity, "He (or she) has a dreadful voice (or an unfortunate manner of speaking), but it doesn't matter?" In politics, in the professions, in business, in educational institutions, in the Armed Forces, in social life—everywhere—the appeal of a good voice is recognized as an asset.

As for personality, it is often true that voices reflect it with mirror-like accuracy. For example, the hypercritical, unfriendly person almost invariably has a harsh, whangy monotone that antagonizes its hearers even before the impact of the words hits them. On the other hand, it comes as a distinct surprise if the possessor of a warm and friendly nature reflects none of this warmth in his speech. While it cannot be contended that personality traits invariably correspond

with vocal qualities, the important point is that the average person's experience has led him to associate the two and to form conclusions on the basis of that premise. Radio actors, in portraying a character, take full advantage of the prevalent tendency to judge a person by his voice.

An effective speaking voice has these components: adequate loudness and vitality, clear, pure tone, pleasing pitch level, flexibility, sincerity, and lastly, well-articulated, well-pronounced words. Approximately half of this speech effectiveness for which we strive might be called technical, and the remaining half psychological, reflecting personal character and thought. Speech is a cultural subject because through it we should acquire not only the speech habits expected in educated people, but also indirectly, a sensibly critical appreciation of literature.

The great obstacle in the way of widespread improvement in Canadian speech is the scarcity of accredited speech teachers in Canada. As students, we are grateful for the opportunity afforded us in this respect by the excellence of the speech course at Banff.

Every one of us, at one time or another, will have to face an audience, whether it be the Home and School Club, a Church Group, Fraternity or Sorority, the Brothers in the Lodge, etc. If we have a point to make, a reason for speaking, an argument to win, then it is that words do well when "he that speaks them pleases those that hear."

—Laura McCormack

EDMONTON FILM SOCIETY PLANS WINTER PROGRAM

The Edmonton Film Society, affiliated with the Canadian Film Institute, will commence its new season on October 29th in the West Theatre of the University Medical Building. As in previous years, there will be two performances of outstanding films from various countries, one at 4:30 for student members and one in the evening at 8:00 for the regular members. Among the films to be shown this season on the second and fourth Monday of each month are three historic films of the silent era, two modern technicolor films, RED SHOES and HENRY THE FIFTH, two French films and one Russian. On November 12th a Flaherty Memorial Program will be given including his MAN OF ARAN and NANOOK OF THE NORTH. Season tickets are available from the Department of Extension at the University.



MUSIC

The Banff School Choir

DUNCAN CAMPBELL

A good deal of friendly rivalry exists among the various divisions at the Banff School of Fine Arts, but in one activity students from all sections work together to a thrilling effect. The Banff School Choir is well on its way to becoming a tradition at the School, a pleasant tradition of exacting work and polished performance.

Begun as a laboratory for the class in Choral Technique, the Choir is now a source of pleasure to students and staff alike in all divisions. Time during the Session is short and to prepare a program in the six weeks available demands hard work and skillful leadership.

Conductor Richard Eaton, musical son of a musical Victoria family, demands perfection and usually achieves it from this seventy-voice choral group. No phrase is too insignificant, no shade of expression too delicate to escape his attention and in less time than it takes to sing "Pop Goes the Weasel" his singers acquire a new respect for dotted quarters and perfect pitch.

This year's offering was an exceptionally smooth and sparkling performance of madrigals, sea shanties and ballads. Beginning with a group of sacred works including Burleigh's delightful spiritual "You Goin' to Reap Jus' What You Sow" and the moving "Brother James Air," the program moved on to such favorites as "Linden Lea" by Vaughan Williams, Thomas Arne's dainty "When Daisys Pied" and "My Ladye Greensleeves." Climax of the program was a group of spirited sea shanties, "Shenandoah," "Billy Boy" and the rest with salty solos sung by Professor H. G. Glyde.

The Banff Springs' Hotel ballroom was the setting for the first of the two performances given before large and appreciative audiences. Dr. Healy Willan, President Stewart and members of the Government were among the distinguished guests at the final concert during festival week.

Advanced Piano Class

Mr. Bela Boszormenyi-Nagy, of Hungarian parentage and now with the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, conducted the 1951 B.S.F.A. Advanced Piano Class.

"Egotism is supposed to be a natural attribute of an artist. In a sense it is, for it enables him to give expression to his thoughts and feelings with a strong personal conviction. But an overdeveloped ego is rarely found among true artists. The really great man is too well aware of his own relative place in the broad stream of artistic endeavor, too interested in wider field of human activity and too sympathetic of the problems of others to allow admiration of his own qualities to dominate his life."

This comment made on Jacque Thibaud most certainly applies to Bela Boszormenyi-Nagy. He found it difficult to talk of himself but was keen on discussing music, present and past; the philosophy of music and life; place of music in this complex world and its place in our rural communities; the artistic, political, economical situations of the world of the great masters; the philosophy of living and thoughts which influence the thinking of composers of their day and today; and the simple musical problems that disturbed the members of his class were topics of discussion. Such width and depth of thinking became a challenging inspiration to every member of the class.

Two highlights in the Banff School activities were the Bach recital and Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy's public performance. A rainy Sunday night, in the Dining Room of Chalet two, which temporarily became a concert hall, was the setting for the Bach recital. Mr. Clayton Hare's String Ensemble and Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy's performance completed an experience long to be cherished and remembered. Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy's performance of 30 Goldberg Variations, a work very seldom performed, was a special occasion for the Bach lovers. The Public recital was, too, a thrilling experience. The first group consisted of works of three great giants in the classic period: Frescobaldi, Mozart and Beethoven, and it was a magnificent performance. The second group was filled with subtle moods, contrasting color, found in the works of Schumann, Debussy, Liszt and Bartok.

The program of the student recital will give us an insight into the standard of work performed in class: J. S. Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Debussy, Dohnanyi, Brahms, Schumann.

Future plans for the Master Class, 1952, are rapidly being formed, and there is to be a Bach Festival. Mr. Boszormenyi-Nagy personally has offered a \$100 scholarship as a beginning towards a series of scholarships.

—Eva Saito

Glen J. Nelson . . . an appreciation

To have teachers of piano enthusiastic about technique for six weeks in a magnificent mountain summer resort such as Banff is, as any one will admit, truly remarkable. But perhaps not so remarkable when you consider that the generator of this enthusiasm is one of Canada's outstanding young teachers, Glenn Nelson of Vancouver, B.C.

Mr. Nelson has the gift of inspiring his students in such a way that they return home with increased knowledge and confidence in themselves. This accomplishment is achieved amid the seductive holiday attractions of Banff but the students never falter, as anyone can prove who has walked about the streets of the town at any hour of the day or night when the ear is assailed with bits of technical exercises, sonatas, concertos, etc.

The students must like it since they come from all parts of Canada and the United States for the privilege of studying under such unique and inspirational conditions.

With Camera and Lens

"A photographers' paradise!" You can stand on a street corner in Banff any day and hear this phrase from the many tourists who visit there yearly.

The students who come to the Photographers' course at the Banff School of Fine Arts also thought this phrase very fitting. After two weeks of busy outdoor taking they had many varied and lovely pictures to take back to their respective homes.

The first class was lucky to be in Banff for the Banff Indian Days, and if you had been a bystander on the bridge when the braves stood for pictures, you would have seen the photography students darting back and forth and yelling, "Shall I use a K2 filter, Miss McCowan?" or "Oh, the sun went behind a cloud, will it be F8 now?" or "Oh dear, I forgot to turn the film, another double exposure!" Excitement ran high as many hundreds of pictures were taken that morning. Of course, our American students could see nothing but the "Mounties" with their scarlet coats. Miss McCowan had no trouble distinguishing their films as they dried in the darkroom.

The weather being perfect, clear blue skies with photographic puffy white clouds prevailing, the class settled down to taking pictures of the beauty spots around Banff. They visited Lake Louise, Peyto Lake, Moraine Lake, Mt. Eisenhower, Vermilion Lakes, Lake Minnewanka and Bow Falls, the Hoodoos, the Cave-and-Basin, the Hot Springs, a tour of the Banff Springs Hotel and last but not least, Sunshine—that delightful ski resort high up in the mountains from Banff. This seemed to be the highlight of the trips, especially for those who love flowers and hiking. Yes, we hiked about six miles up there at 8,000 feet—both the scenery and the air take your breath away. One student was heard to say, "Wonder why I pay for a 'Keep-Fit' class at the Y when I attend the Photographic course at Banff?"

Now after a day in the open air, picnic lunch and all, you would think all would be tired at night, but if you happen to be walking down Banff Avenue in the evening and see that sign—"Banff School of Fine Arts—Photographic Section" just walk in (of course, knock before entering). You would see the busy bees, every darkroom busy, every enlarger busy—the oh's and ah's as the films are hung up to dry. One hears the remarks "I never thought of taking **that**" or "Why didn't I think of a tricky pose like that?" or "Fiddle, I've got a tree growing right out of her ear!" Yes, anything can happen in photography, and it generally does. There are many varieties of pictures because, of course, we have many kinds of people, older people who like the tranquil scenic view, younger folk who like the action shots, botanists, who take flowers with delight, artists who see beauty in an old stump or twig, animal lovers who want to take all the bears we meet (and there are many), all the deer and chipmunks. One student spent hours taking a chipmunk and even allowed it to carry a thirty-five cent bar of Cadbury's chocolate from her knapsack. "Oh what we'll do for pictures."

The cameras are varied, too. We had two brownies this year and every other make of camera you could mention, including one camera and lens costing five hundred dollars. No matter what the camera, the fun is in the taking! One girl from New Jersey had a gadget for taking close-ups of flowers, and it took many people many minutes to figure out how she got it on the camera every time she wanted to take a picture. With or without gadgets, cheap or expensive cameras—a fine display of prints hung in the auditorium on the closing days of the School.

To those who think it's just the click of a shutter to get a picture, I say, come to Banff and find out for yourselves. We'll be seeing you—I hope.

Weaving Impressions

The Weavers' Trade finds its devotees gathered each year on the ground floor of the Auditorium, under the expert direction of Mrs. Ethel M. Henderson and Mrs. Mary Sandin.

If you opened the door of the Auditorium, you would have no trouble locating the weaving rooms, for the steady "Thump, thump" of the loom beaters would guide you to the ground level rooms. Come on in and see us! To a stranger, peering in, the scene might appear to be one of utter chaos, as weavers suddenly jump from their looms and scurry to the end room, while weavers from the end room hurry to the front room with an urgent S.O.S. for Mrs. Henderson or Mrs. Sandin. But it is an orderly chaos, as you will discover, by watching awhile. Each weaver concentrates upon her own work, wholly oblivious to extraneous noises. She dashes to the shelves for more thread, speedily winds it upon her bobbin, then hurries back to her weaving; or she takes one look, tears her hair, and wails, "Oh, another mistake! How **could** I be so stupid!" There are plenty on the mourners' bench.

While some looms are operating, others are being set up to be made ready for actual weaving. All students take turns at these necessary chores. The warp is being wound upon a warping board, while others are wound around circular frames—but all are carefully checked by the ever-watchful instructors, to see that they "keep the cross" at the top.

At the side of the room, looms are shoved aside to make way for warp, which is being straightened out, preparatory to being rolled upon the loom. In another corner, a loom is being "sleyed," i.e., the threads of warp drawn through the dents in the reed. Still another loom is being threaded through the heddles, to ready it for the pattern which is to be woven.

In this hive of activity, one wonders where the weavers come from, to spend all of their summer, or a good part of it, at the Banff School of Fine Arts. A census reveals that Canadians come from such diverse sections as Edmonton, Toronto, Saskatchewan, Calgary, Hamilton, Victoria and Lethbridge. The United States is represented by Indiana, Illinois and New York. From far-off Rio de Janeiro came the charming Mrs. Zach.

In their everyday occupations weavers range from active members of the teaching profession, to retired teachers, business girls, librarians, housewives, and students here on weaving scholarships. Not all students expect to make an active career of weaving; it is more in the nature of an avocation or relaxation. The nurse is taken away from her patient's woes and from hospital life; teachers have the blessed feeling that what they put into weaving stays there, whereas with pupils—one never can tell! One, who labelled herself "just a housewife," is actually a good samaritan to the blind in Calgary and threads their looms for them and writes directions for weaving in Braille. The career girl weaves a gorgeous, eye-catching black and white sheer wool, interlaced with shining silver, for an evening gown which is sure to evoke "Oh's" and "Ah's." Others are weaving yardage—brilliant red, toned down with white boucle, rust and plaid materials, blue woolen. All have woven some of the following: place mats for luncheon sets, luncheon cloths, baby blankets, wool peasant skirts, upholstery, and plaid Tartan scarves.

What has inveigled these weavers to Banff to work in a ground level room indoors, when gorgeous scenery beckons? The expert, patient instruction of Mrs. Henderson and Mrs. Sandin, to be sure. But an extra lure is the five-day week, with time off for trips. This extra bonus of magnificent mountains has proved irresistible.

Our life at the looms is not monotonous for we are almost always surrounded by fascinated on-lookers, ranging from two young deer, which peered at us through the window while calmly nibbling grass, to youngsters who shut off the light by lining up at the window to watch us banging away and who divert our attention by their remarks—not always complimentary. And always there is the steady parade of summer visitors dropping in for a "look-see." Why not join us?

—Anon.



Student Painters at Banff School of Fine Arts